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## Socialism and Public Opinion.

BY HUGH O'NEILL, '92.

Public opinion is the tribunal before which are tried all the issues of society. The greatest case ever brought before that tribunal is that of Socialism against Society, because it is a charge against society as it exists in all parts of the civilized world. Socialism, the prosecuting party in this case, is not as well known as society; so I shall describe it from its birth to the present time.

Socialism took its origin from the notions of property and state which became current about the close of the last century. The authors of these notions were Hobbes of England, Rousseau, Morellet, Brissot, Mably and Proudhon of France. Hobbes taught that man could enter society without giving up any of his rights. Rousseau held that authority resulted from an original contract in society, and that society could therefore dissolve that contract when it wished. Proudhon asserted that all men were born equal, and that property was theft. These doctrines were combined and crystallized by Joseph Babeuf, who became the apostle of the doctrine of socialism. The young Hegelians were his first disciples. They thought socialism was the natural offspring of historical evolution on the one hand, and on the other, the philosophy of teaching the people to take a share in ushering in the reign of universal democracy. These ideas had very little influence out of the ranks of the Hegelians until the appearance, in German life, of two wonderful characters—Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lassalle. According to them society may be divided into two great

bodies: first the *proletariat*, or those who have nothing, and the *bourgeoisie*, or those who possess some capital. Marx and Lassalle wished to overthrow the *bourgeoisie* and make all a *proletariat*. Their theory is to destroy all society as it now stands, and reconstruct it, giving all to the state, and let the members of the new *proletariat* hold from the state as communists. This is what is called the collectivist socialism.

The other school of socialism is the anarchistic, founded by Bakounine; a Russian nihilist. The anarchistic socialists would break the shackles imposed upon them by modern society. Their doctrine is the destruction of all government. They teach that every man should live in a kind of exalted, absolute, individual liberty. The leading dogmas of both these schools are: (1) the denial of God; (2) the denial of a future life; (3) the supreme law of enjoyment; (4) the greatest possible equalization of enjoyment.

The socialists may be said to have arraigned society at the bar of public opinion, and have charged it with high crimes and misdemeanors in an indictment of three courts. The first court avers that society reduces the wages to the minimum required to give the laborer his daily bread, and that the present laws tend to prevent them from rising from that minimum. The second court charges that society has subjected the laborers to miserable vicissitudes, and created relative over-population, and so imposed an unbearable insecurity upon the laborer's lot. The third court declares that society commits a signal injustice against the laboring class by suffering the capitalists who employ them to appropriate all the increased value which results from the process of improved production, which, they claim, is contributed entirely by the labor of the artisans engaged in the work.

Society answers this indictment with the general plea of not guilty, and the case is called for hearing. The first advocate on the part of the socialists is Karl Marx, who comes before the great tribunal carrying his work entitled "Das Kapital," which he offers to put in as part of his argument to support his contention. Following the teachings of the French revolutionists, he condemns all authority, except that of the multitude. He argues that labor makes capital; that *men* and not *man* should receive the attention of government; that woman, home and family are nothing when compared to the state; that society, as it now exists, is rotten to the core, and should be pulled down and replaced by a *proletariat*, or society founded on equality. His theory is (1) the expropriation of landed property; (2) the abolition of inheritance; (3) the confiscation of the property of rebels and emigrants; (4) the centralization of credit in the hands of the state by means of a national bank and state capital; (5) the centralization of all means of transportation in the hands of the state; (6) the institution of national factories, instruments of production and the improvement of lands on a common plan; (8) compulsory obligation of labor upon all equally, the establishment of industrial systems especially for agriculture; (9) the joint prosecution of agriculture and mechanical arts and gradual abolition of town and country; (10) public and gratuitous education for all children, the abolition of children's labor in factories, and other necessary improvements. As he leaves the public eye, his last words to the socialists of every land are: Educate! agitate! organize!

The next advocate on the stage is Rousseau. As he strides to the front you can easily see that he carries a book under each arm. The first he calls "The Ideal Man," and the second "The Social Contract." By the first he tries to prove that man was once an innocent savage, and that he should now return to that state; by the second he maintains man may return to that state, as there is no authority in society which binds him in conscience.

As this Frenchman departs, with all the elegant airs of his country, a bald-headed, round-faced, old Englishman named Hobbes makes his appearance. On his shoulder he carries "The Leviathan," in which he declares that human nature either was, or has become, desperately wicked, depraved, corrupt and utterly abominable, and that war is the natural state for man. The collectivists agree with him, but think he is too extreme; the anarchists make him the hero of the hour.

From the ranks of the very moderate socialists comes a man whose presence attracts great attention. He has the manly forehead, the clear-cut features and the keen eyes of a man of intellect. He tramps the ground rather than walks on it. Under his arm he carries his argument from a political and economical point of view. As soon as the people see the work entitled "The Wealth of Nations" they know it is Adam Smith. He claims that labor makes capital, and that the idea so long entertained about capital making labor is fallacious. Locke, McCullough, Ricardo and Carey rush to the front to confirm his opinions. Henry Dunning MacLeod, with his "Principles of Economic Philosophy," runs up to refute their arguments; but he is told to go back and take his place and await the proper time. Roscher with his "Political Economy," Bastiat with his "Harmonies," Cairnes with his "Leading Principles," Walker with his "Political Economy," Cherbuliez with his "Précis de la Science Economique," Jevons with his "Primer," La Vasseur with his "Précis d'Economie Politique," rush to the front to show to the world how much they know; but they are told to take their place, and if it happen that no better advocates than they appear, they may be heard at some future time.

As this disappointed and anxious crowd of fame seekers return to the places whence they came, a political economist and second-class philosopher, John Stewart Mill, manages to catch the public eye; and just after he has made a very graceful parting bow, and laid his "Chapters on Socialism" before the world, as if by the magic wand of the enchanter, an American of fine *physique*, well-turned head and graceful bearing, stands before the swaying multitude as the centre of attraction. In his left hand he carries his work—"Progress and Poverty." His right arm is extended, and his rich and resonant voice catches the ear afar with his watchwords: "The Land for the People." He needs no introduction; everyone knows it is Henry George that speaks. On the capital and labor theory he agrees with Adam Smith and John Stewart Mill. He then advances the doctrine of "Land Nationalization." He seems to get his leading ideas from Plato's "Republic" and Moore's "Utopia." He would have the people live in a sort of communism, and paying taxes to the state instead of paying rent to the landlords. As he closes his plea with the words "The land was made for the people," the muttering tones of the socialist ring out: "Down with tyrants and capital! Down with those who fleece and deceive the people! Down with God and society!"

The first two exclamations arouse the people to excitement; the last make them shake with horror. Who can it be? There is much guessing. A few more sentences from the socialist orator, and he is known to be Ferdinand Lassalle. His speech is blood-curdling, his delivery graceful, his arguments sophistical; but to the poor, untutored laborer very conclusive. Materialistic scientists, like Darwin, Spenser, and Tyndal; demagogues, like Balbanck, DeValmer, Bebel, Engels, Lebrusquire, Joffrin, and Lissagory, and pessimists like Schopenhauer, Strauss and Fichte, deliver their opinions on the issue, and the arguments on the part of the collectivists are closed.

The anarchists now come to the front. They hail from Russia, Italy, Switzerland, Spain and Paris. The leaders are Bakounine, Lawroff, Pechanoff, Palm, Holm, Conzett, Most, Stellamacher and Ravachol. They make no arguments, but, turning on society, they become furious; they draw the dagger and throw the bomb.

Society now rises to meet the charges laid in the indictment. On the side of the defendant are all the great orators, poets, philosophers, scientists, theologians, lawyers and statesmen of modern times, with not a few of the worst characters in history. Strange to say, the first to speak on the defense are men who were partly the cause of all this trouble. The dissipated looks and rickety walk of three old kings, Louis of Bavaria, James I. of England and Louis XIV. of France, who approach the bar with many books on the divine right of kings, written by them or their sycophants, so disgust all men that the collectivists groan, the anarchists howl for blood, and the democrats of the world throw rotten eggs. Amid the jeers and contumely of that mighty audience they retreat and are seen no more. The next to appear are the great landholders of Europe, and first in the ranks are the landlords of Ireland, backed by the bayonets of England. Socialists shout: "Away with them!" Society stands ashamed. And well might society hang its head. Here are men robed in ermine and cloth of gold, while their poor tenants now live in want or totter to the grave of famine! Here are men who watched the widowed mother bid adieu to the place where she had lived and where she hoped to die;—watched the blooming "maiden leave a lover's for a father's arms" to go with him to the desert lands of some half unknown country! Here are men who set on fire the cabin of the tenant while he and his family perished by the wayside! Here are men who stood on the red

graves of the murdered dead without a thought of sorrow! Good God! is it strange that human nature should revolt against those crimes committed in the name of society and of law?

Lest the landlords should be overpowered, heartless capitalists and monopolizers join their ranks. They all say that some men were born to be the slaves of others; that the poor man was born to live in a hovel while they revel in riches; that the laboring men of the world should consent to be the slaves of kind and loving (!) masters.

As the last words are uttered, the collectivists are beginning to doubt the efficacy of passive resistance, and the anarchists raise the red flag. The laboring men of the world are now enraged at the capitalists, and the fight between capital and labor begins. In this frightful crisis on the public stage three great figures appear. The first is a gray-haired old man, dressed in the purple; the second is a dark-eyed, one-armed, determined-looking young man; the third is a majestic personage, with the twinkling blue eye of the poet, and the firm, steady step of a man of thought. In his hand is the crosier, on his head the tiara. As they approach, capital stands ready to hear its sentence, labor listens to their counsel, and the rest of mankind shouts with joy. The first of these is Cardinal Manning, who has always been the friend of the poor. Addressing the battalions of millions, he shows that authority comes from God, and that authority is vested in society; that the rulers of society get their authority immediately from the people, but mediately from God; that these rulers must be obeyed so long as they perform their functions well, and that rulers may and should be stripped of that authority when they fail in their duty; that the doctrine of Hobbes and Rousseau lead to the destruction of all government; that the doctrine of the divine right of kings leads to oppression, and that the only course to be followed is the golden mean.

Cardinal Manning is followed by the philosophic orator and patriotic Irishman, Michael Davitt. The laborers greet him with vociferous cheers, the capitalists trust him, but fear him, and the landlords hate him. Over the vast multitude he casts a look and stands for a moment silent. Then, raising his voice until it is heard far and wide, he addresses, with all the fire of his Celtic soul, agitated mankind. He advises the laborer to demand his rights, to use moral instead of physical force in the contest, and to become a joint owner of capital. He says labor does not make capital, nor does capital make labor, but that both contribute to

make each other. He asks society to help the poor. He deals a fatal blow to rack-renting landlords and heartless capitalists. In substance he says if society has within its ranks landlords who have stolen from the poor—landlords who have no human feelings or Christian charity—and who can deny that there are such?—then let society cut off these rotten members. If society has within its ranks capitalists who accumulate millions by making the poor man work day and night,—and who can deny that there are such?—then, in the name of justice and humanity, let right be done; let the poor man get his due. Henry George, Mill, Smyth, the moderate socialists, the laboring and farming class, the honest and generous capitalist and all society, except the guilty, salute him as the arbiter of capital and labor, as the friend of man and the exponent of good government.

The last and greatest arbiter is Leo XIII. who speaks in the name of religion in his Labor Encyclical from the Papal chair. He exhorts the poor man to be discreet, to organize, to demand his rights in a constitutional way. He tells him that liberty is not license. He shows the difference between manual and mental labor. He asks the capitalist to be just and charitable. He proves that private ownership and not communism is natural. He lays down explicitly the true doctrine of capital and labor. He warns the people to support their governments, no matter what form they may have. He declares that they are bound to support the government which meets their wants and practically proves efficient, and that the only cure for the present ills of society is charity—*Christian charity*.

This is an outline of the case of socialism against society, and it is our duty, as members of that society, to act our part like men—like true men. It is our duty to meet those charges fairly, to improve society that no charges may be brought against it. It is our duty to preserve the dignity of woman, the honor of our homes, the government of our country. It is the duty of the rich to be charitable and the poor to be patient; then the day may come when we will have a world-wide democracy; then, and not till then, can the banners of the world be emblazoned with the words, Right and Justice, God and Liberty!

How many of those who speak uncharitably of others reflect upon the necessity of making reparation for the injury done their neighbor's reputation before they can obtain forgiveness from a God of charity?

### The Erl-King.

"Wer reitet so spaet durch Nacht und Wind?"

—Goethe.

Mythical characters are at times the subject of poets' themes. They give to their poems a mystical meaning bearing a striking resemblance to something supernatural. To the poet's kindled imagination there is no limit. He passes in spirit the bounds "from whose bourn no traveller returns," and in vivid colors paints his images, whether it be a pagan Virgil, who reveals to us the condition of spirits in Hades, or a Christian Dante, who tells of the "Inferno." Though Virgil and Dante refer us to the other world, yet many a poet uses the evil or good spirits, existing in the legends or traditions, for his imaginary work. For such a purpose Goethe uses the Erl-King (*Germanice, Erlkoenig*).

In ancient German literature the name of Erl-King does not appear. It is a mythological personage, and dates from 1778, when first used in Herder's "Stimmen der Völker" as a translation of the Danish song the "Elf-King's Daughters." The German name should have been *Elbkoenig* or *Elbenkoenig*. The Danish word elf meant either elfe or alder tree (*Germanice, Erle*), and hence we can understand why Herder made such a blunder; perhaps he accounted for his translation in the tree-worship of ancient times. English and French writers perpetuated Herder's mistake, since they speak of "The King of the Alders," and "*un roi d'annes*."

A certain incident caused Goethe to write the poem. A farmer brings his sick child to town to be cured by a quack. Clapsed to his bosom, the child is dead on his arrival at home. The occurrence is related to Goethe on his visit to the place, and he makes it the subject of one of his finest ballads. It seems that he attributed the child's death to the Erl-King, because the belief in evil spirits had not died out; the fear of witches is proof enough of this superstition.

The poem of the "Erl-King" begins with the description of a father, riding through the dark and stormy night, bearing a child in his arm. Soon after the Erl-King appears, whose sight frightens the child. The father inquires about its anxiety. It replies and asks whether he does not see the King with his crown, by whom it is addressed thus:

"O lovely child, come, go with me!"

Then, speaking of the plays to be indulged in, and the beautiful flowers on the beach, adds:

"My mother has many a golden garment."

Not charmed by such language, but alarmed, it exclaims:

"O father, my father, and do you not hear  
What Erl-King gently promises me?"

The father, to appease the excited child, entreats it to be quiet, and finds an explanation of its fear in the surroundings, therefore remarks:

"In the withered leaves whispers the wind."

The Erl-King again begs, but his enticing words fail to gain the child's confidence. He agrees to bring the little one to his daughters who, as the child fancies, arise before his vision. "Don't you see Erl-King's daughters on the dismal place?" is the question it puts to its father. He answers that the willows on the wayside produce fantastic visions.

The Erl-King speaks another time to the child. Since persuasions are vain, he begins to threaten. Lastly he declares: "Unless thou art willing, I will drag thee away!" The child, feeling the cold grasp of the Erl-King, cries out that he has seized and harmed it; thereupon closes its lips forever. So far the parent believed that the child's vision was only imaginary, but now he begins to tremble and spur on his horse to the utmost speed. The poet described this in the following manner:

"The father shudders riding so wild,  
Holds in his arms the moaning child;  
He reaches his home in fear of harm—  
Lo! the child was dead in his arm."

The ballad is translated into English by Walter Scott and others. The former gives us the best translation. Not one of them, however, prepared a literal one. For this reason I have given my own translation, though it may not be a poetical one.

E. AHLRICHS, '94.

#### A. Cruise on the Hudson.

One beautiful morning in the summer of '90, the cries of "All aboard! all aboard!" could be heard at one of the wharves which line the river sides of the great Metropolis of America. The steamboat *Marion* was about to cast off lines, and leave her moorings for a trip up the Hudson. But before getting underway, it may be of interest to present a short description of our craft. The *Marion* was built for comfort as well as speed. She is one hundred feet long over all, seventy-five feet on the water line, twenty feet, four inches extreme beam, with ten feet of hold, and six feet, four inches draft—altogether a desirable craft for a pleasure boat. Our party consisted of twenty, including the crew who was eight in number.

As we glide on the "Rhine of America," with our streamers fluttering gayly in the breeze, or dropping in the waters we see nature's beauty displayed in its most varied phases.

The river, as we leave New York, is about one and a half mile wide, and it is only within the city limits that it pursues a straight course for any considerable distance.

As we advance up the stream, the first attraction is Fort Lee which, although being more or less of a summer resort, is at all times a very pretty place. It is situated about two miles above New York city with which communication is had by means of a ferry. Fort Lee was an important post during the war of the Revolution. It was also one of the places at which Washington took refuge during his flight from Long Island.

After about an hour we reached the city of Yonkers which is situated upon the east side of the river on an elevated height, thus bringing into view the entire city, which is considered one of the finest along the Hudson. Its beauty attracts us, and we determine to visit it. After landing, we advanced to the opposite end of the pier, and the object of our cruise being not only to obtain an idea of the beauties of nature, but also of the magnificent cities to be seen along the Hudson, we secured a vehicle, and were conveyed to the different places of interest, among them the parks and public buildings. One of the chief features of our visit was afforded by the annual regatta, in which some of the champion oarsmen and canoeists of our country distinguished themselves. After the races we accepted an invitation to a grand banquet held at one of the yacht clubs, followed by a reception in honor of the opening of a new club house.

After our afternoon we returned to our good boat and spent the night on the water. We departed at sunrise, steaming out into the middle of the stream, and continuing our course we passed many pretty hamlets, some located on lofty cliffs, while others in some rocky cove or neighboring glen, are almost hidden from our view.

Among these villages there is one in particular which comes under our observations, namely, that of Irvington, so called after the illustrious Washington Irving. It is at the base of a group of very lofty mountains, and in the centre lies "Sleepy Hollow Cemetery," the spot which brought forth his poetic genius, and which, at present, is the silent abode of his remains. Opposite Irvington are the great palisades constituting one of the most remarkable among



the wonders that are to be found in nature's mantle. One great massive wall of truncated rock, running parallel with the river about half a mile in length, and towering upwards to a height ranging from seventy-five to a hundred feet, dropping perpendicular to the shore, thus permitting only a foot-path at their base. This wondrous masterpiece of nature seems more artificial than natural, owing to the smoothness of its surface and the uniformity of its shape.

After viewing the palisades for the purpose of which our craft, having been left to the mercy of the tide, had become almost stationary, we began to glide over the lordly bosom of the Hudson whose placid waters, like a mirror, reflected the shores covered with bushy cedars and overhanging oaks intermingled with high peaks and ragged cliffs garbed in their foliage. Along the shores we beheld situated on the verge of deep ravines or upon lofty mountains grand old "castles" perhaps not as antique as those which adorn the Rhine, but, in many respects, surpassing them in grandeur. After some few hours' sail, surrounded on all sides by the charming scenery, we arrive at the city of Nyack, which, owing to its delightful location at the terminus of the palisades, seems even more beautiful than those which we have already passed.

Extending from the foot of the great range of mountains, which forms the boundary line between the two states, to the river, in front of which stretches a beautiful bay, which not only adds much to the general aspect of the city, but also affords ample commercial resources. As the *Marion* still continues to advance toward the source of this noble river we see many other magnificent places not lacking beauty and importance. Among these there is one which especially calls forth our admiration—that of Tarrytown which, perhaps, does not rank among the first in size of the cities on the Hudson, but almost exceeds them in beauty. This city, too, has some of the many historical relations so prevalent during the Revolution, along this part of the Hudson, owing to the fact that it was the spot where Major Andre was overtaken while retreating from West Point with General Arnold's treason papers. Thus continuing to glide by these admirable cities until we come to Peekskill, which is the last of any note until we pass through the Highlands.

The river now more than ever begins to wind about in different directions, and the hills to develop into mountains, some of which are small, while others are, more or less, of a larger size. The scene on this occasion, with the sun covering

it with a thousand gorgeous shades, was glowing in all its beauty to perfection, as the river pursued its course around the rocky and ragged shores, now narrowing into a small stream, then opening into some pretty bay. At nearly every turn or bend on some extended rock, or above some outstretched cove, we see perched numerous lighthouses to guide the mariner through these dangerous passages. After several hours' sail amidst such grand scenery which on this bright morning looked like a rural paradise, we approach Stony Point where one of the most gallant battles of our Revolution was fought and won. It is situated on the western shore at the southern extremity of the Highlands, and consists of a mountain rising up to a lofty height. The sides are very steep, and the shore at its base extends some distance out into the water, being almost completely covered by a marsh. It was through this low land that the determined eight hundred, like the little band of Spartans, under the command of Mad Anthony Wayne, made such a strong and successful blow at the British Fort the ruins of which are still to be seen.

Leaving Stony Point, we enter the Highlands. They comprise one of the principal features of the river which now becomes very narrow. The shores are lined by great, roughly-carved walls forming a deep abyss having the river for its base. It is said that these immense rocks were at one time consolidated into one mass which, at present, would seem impossible, and that the mighty Hudson, in his seeking the Atlantic, tossed them about in their present state. The sun is just beginning to decline behind some of the more elevated peaks; the scene is almost beyond description. Now our craft pursues its course to the west, winding around some point, follows the river almost in the opposite direction, passing through a tunnel as if it were where the over-hanging peaks seem to meet, and the gigantic trees throw their shades across this noble river. The mountains are decorated with magnificent towers, while in the valleys we see the huntsman's hut. Now and then, through some little interval, would steal the tinkling rivulet through the fresh and vivid verdure, and the jovial sun would break gloriously from the West, sprinkling the landscape with a host of dewy gems. No portion of our country during the War of Independence possessed a greater degree of interest, and none was more carefully guarded than these defiles. As we pass through this variety of stupendous scenery, we approach the centre, and descry a fort which was one of the strongest posts during

the struggle, and is at present on the site of one of the greatest military academies in the world. As the sun has almost declined behind the mountains we decide to abide among these beauties for the night.

West Point is situated upon a number of high bluffs. We found the greatest difficulty to climb them; but, after some strenuous efforts on our part, we finally succeeded in reaching the top of the steep ascent. To our surprise as well as to our great pleasure, we found the regular examination in progress. After inspecting the grand libraries, spacious drilling, riding halls, college buildings and, to crown all, witnessing some fine drills, we returned to our craft where we spent the remainder of the night.

Next morning, soon after dawn, we departed and glided slowly, but merrily along our course through the remaining part of the Highlands, whose wide and extended shores somewhat resembled the lower bluffs. Here we beheld the bold promontory, crowned with embowering trees, while at a distance a long waving line of rocky heights, spread out along the shore. At length we arrived at the termination of these great mountains, and, rounding one of the highest of the group, we passed an island, being the first of any note that we had met, thus adding another gem to this part of the river. Our boat now launches forth on the bosom of Newburgh Bay, which is not only the largest but also the finest along the Hudson. The eastern shore is surrounded by mountains and hemmed in on the north by hills more or less extensive, while the western coast is comparatively level, interwoven with pretty creeks and streamlets which stretch into the main land, forming a network of peninsulas covered with bushy cedars and hued with sandy shores which sparkle like so many jewels in the sunlight.

On the west side of the bay is the the city of Newburgh, or the City of the Hills, as it is generally called. It is situated on some neighboring hills, thus bringing into view the entire city. Captivated by the beauty of this place, we dropped anchor and went ashore. During our short stay in this city, which afforded us an unlimited amount of pleasure, we visited the principal sights, among the most important of which were Washington's headquarters, and the principal part of the city, containing many valuable Revolutionary relics. It is also the place where the army was disbanded. In memory of this event the government has erected a magnificent tower supporting a beautiful bronze statue of Washington.

Returning to our craft, we began to glide

over the unruffled waters which now take an easterly course. The mountains diverge into hills, and the river pursues almost a straight course. After sailing some twenty miles we arrive at Poughkeepsie, another charming city in situation resembling Newburgh. Giving it only a passing glance, we glide under the great iron bridge which connects the two shores at this juncture. After a few hours, passing many beautiful islands which abound in this part of the river, the great Catskill Mountains are to be seen swelling up to a noble height, until their lofty summits seem to be towering among the clouds. After ascending the Hudson some miles further, we at length arrive at the city of Kingston where sailing up Roudout creek for the distance of three miles we come to our destination, the pretty town of Rousdale, after traversing a distance of some one hundred miles over the bosom of one of the most beautiful streams in the world.

The scenes and master-strokes of nature along the Hudson are dear to all Americans, both from its historical associations, which are many, and the transcendent beauties in which it abounds. The palisades, the Highlands and the general beauties of nature, all blended in one constitute one of the grandest and most characteristic models of scenery in our country, glowing in all its beauty at the present, as when Henry Hudson launched forth upon its waters for the first time in the *Half Moon*.

J. DELANY.

PROCLAIM it to the four winds of heaven, sound it to the remotest corners of the earth, shape it in epigram, embalm it in song, engrave it on monument and blazon it everywhere—a monk first inspired Columbus with hope; Catholic sovereigns sent the first ship across the trackless main; the Catholic Columbus, with his Catholic crew, discovered the continent; a Catholic gave it the name of America; the new-found land was dedicated to the patronage of the Blessed Mother; the first strain of song ever heard along the western wave was her hymn; the earliest worship of the true God was the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; the first, the only martyr that ever, here upon the soil of New York, rose from the fires of sacrifice to heaven, was a Catholic; the first institution of learning and the first institution of charity were Catholic. Catholic Maryland alone established religious liberty; Catholic France aided with an army our revolutionary struggle, and Catholic powers were the first to acknowledge the Independence of the United States.—*Daniel Dougherty*.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC now enters upon the TWENTY-FIFTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—In a recent issue of the SCHOLASTIC reference was made to our great bell here at Notre Dame. We attempted to correct an esteemed contemporary and fell below the mark ourselves. It is nothing unusual for the bell to be heard at Laporte, a distance of twenty-six miles; but we have been informed that its tones have been distinguished at a point a little more than midway between here and Chicago, or more exactly, forty-two miles from Notre Dame. The record then is that the great *Bourdon* can be heard forty-two miles.

## The Anarchists.

In the recent disturbances in France and Spain the anarchists have shown the cowardly manner in which they try to attain their ends. They profess to have the best interests of the human race at heart; but blowing up houses and mangling people, as they did in Paris, is a queer way of manifesting philanthropy. In plotting against the baby-king of Spain they also exhibited their cur-like nature. They wish to reform and better the condition of the masses;

but when they seek the life of a child, they act in a most stupid, not to say barbarous, way. There are dozens of men in Spain more dangerous than the little Alfonso. The anarchists might much more profitably drive out these men than kill the little boy whose ambition is bounded by his mother's heart.

Can a cause fostered by such means be right and just? Can such methods bring about anything good? Why do not the anarchists come out openly and give battle to men who are prepared for them, instead of taking such secret and cowardly means as dynamite explosions for men, and assassinations of children? But no: open battle or revolt would put their cowardly necks in danger, and when danger appears, the anarchist disappears. Trust them to save their bacon.

D.

## Elocution.

Our great actors, by their masterly accomplishments, have done much towards elevating the public taste. The very spirit of beauty has been breathed into the immortal Shakspearean dramas by such interpreters as Booth, Barret, Raymond, James, and a number of modern artists, who, as Dr. Johnson said of the celebrated Garrick, deserve much "for having seized the soul of Shakspeare, and expanded his glory over the world."

But these men tare not a passion to tatters, screaming and strutting; nor do they give themselves over to exaggeration, splitting the groundling's ears, ralling "r's" in their throats, gasping between bursts of noise, turning tragedy into rant, comedy into force and grimace, and expression into artificial pronunciation and intonation that no human being in his right senses would use in daily life. No; it is a satisfaction and relief to see them quiet, yet not tame in parts that require action.

However, it is not my intention to speak of elocution as other than an aid to oratory. Surely, there are few things upon which opinions so widely differ as public speaking. What delights one is displeasing, sometimes offensive, to another. Others regard only the substance of a speech, more yet the form; while those who are able to appreciate and criticise—invariably the most reticent in this age of "incompetent criticism"—require the highest order of both. Nevertheless, they meet upon neutral grounds when the question is asked: What is it that makes the orator?

The qualifications of a good orator are nume-



rous. But who can explain that something which causes his thoughts to be refracted in such glowing beauty upon the insoluble prism of reason? Nay, we might say stalks past reason, going straight to one's feelings; some call it "magnetic force," because it has to have a name; or probably from the fact that force—intellectual and physical force—is accepted as the most essential quality of an orator.

Cicero summed up the whole art of speaking in, "Speak to the purpose, clearly, distinctly and gracefully." When man's feelings bid him speak, and he speaks what he feels, there is a natural language of emotion that expresses itself involuntarily. Then he speaks with energy, with force and infuses his performance with Demosthenes' action. We have orators—many of them—who owe almost all their victories to that indescribable earnestness which alone can stop the listless on his nearly changeless path of indifference. For, after all, it is willingly conceded great orators there have been who were loose in statements at times—men even without a strong style of literary composition, in spite of the rhetorician's pompous ideal. Yet the intense action and abruptness with which they flashed their opinions upon their hearers gave them potency, when polished words and flawless logic could not wield their sceptre. The orator is one who, when he pleases, can, from a quiet, apparently desolate mind, burst forth with resistless eloquence.

To speak distinctly and gracefully comprises the rest of oratory. Above all, speak distinctly. Great Demosthenes never became an orator until he conquered the defect that caused the people of Athens to hiss him upon his first attempt. *Eloquor*, from which elocution derives its meaning, is the Latin verb *to speak plainly*; and this, including "*ornate dicere*," is elocution. Then we must conclude, it is *how* a man says a thing, rather than *what* he says, that gives his thoughts their weight. Lord Chesterfield once said: "Any man of fair abilities may become a good speaker." "If he means by a good speaker, simply a persuasive speaker," says Matthews, "his lordship is much nearer the truth than those who are frightened from all attempts to speak by the bugbear, 'want of genius.'" This is too often the development of a deluded mind, and a transparent fallacy in itself, unworthy of this age of energy. Labor! Study *must* make you. Of course nature must furnish the capacity; and art, far from antagonizing, helps to develop what man already possesses; for, in acknowledging the necessity of a natural manner in speaking, I mean not the exclusion of culture.

And when elocution is so closely allied to rhetoric, why not cultivate it in everyday life? If this were done, and the former not made the symbol of intellectual shallowness, it might happen that one would be less frequently confronted with college graduates unable to speak decently the simplest thoughts. We all cannot become Demosthenes; for true oratory consists in the power to attract, hold, and sway multitudes, regardless of their tastes, intellectual attainments, or nationalities. Such men are rare. But one should strive to make the people say "he speaks well," even though he can never force them to say: "Let's go against Phillip." Then, why not make a stronger effort to qualify oneself more fully, and be able to deliver thoughts with action,—noble, sublime, godlike action?  
H. L. M.

#### Influence of the Press.

BY ROGER B. SINNOTT.

As we are now living in the most civilized period of the world's history, would it not be expedient to cast a retrospective glance, and inquire what has been most conducive towards the development of our highly cultivated society? While considering this question one is struck with the influence exerted by the compass, powder, use of steam, electricity and a thousand other inventions and discoveries, all of which seem to have a just claim for this honor; but on careful research and diligent investigation, one is compelled to admit that the invention of printing stands pre-eminent.

Not only has the invention of printing been of the greatest avail in the advancement of civilization, but it has also been a great instrument in the production of good and evil. Little did Gutenberg think in 1440, when he gave to mankind the art of printing, that the result of his ingenuity and perseverance was destined to rule the mightiest nation of the world as absolutely as did the Cæsars of ancient Rome, and that the sword would be conquered by the mighty power of the press.

We are in debt to this invention for the existence of our literature. Without the printing press what would have become of the works of Chaucer, Dryden, Pope and others? These no doubt would have been lost in oblivion. There are a few productions that would in all probability have been preserved for us. Before the invention of printing literature was kept in manuscript form and could be possessed by a

privileged class alone; then again, on account of the time and labor expended in transcribing, only a limited number could be made, and many of these have been lost or stored in some inaccessible corner. Even at this late date old manuscripts have been found in the ruins of Rome and Greece. Thus by being the preserver of our literature, the printing press has been the medium of adding to our language a host of new words that have been taken from every source. A taste for reading has been fostered and engendered, and this can be satisfied only by the production of more books. By doing this, our literature has been enriched. This has been most noticeable in the last few decades.

The printing press has been instrumental in multiplying the number of religious books. The Bible has been printed in every tongue known to the civilized world. Formerly the number of bibles was so few that only the churches possessed them, and these were chained in the houses of worship and convents, but now they are seen in every household. Religious truths have been diffused throughout the world. Christianity has spread in every clime, correcting the false opinions of men, and instilling the truths and doctrine of a religion that tends to elevate them from that pagan and barbarous condition in which it was the custom of so many of them to exist.

The highest influence of printing is seen in the newspapers; it is greater than that of all the books combined. Who reads the newspaper? Every man, woman and child who is not altogether without learning. It is the first and last thing to be read. The capitalist, before going to his morning meal, must glance over its still damp pages; in the evening, while resting after an arduous day's labor, the workingman seeks its columns for information and instruction; the worry, care, and turmoil of a busy day being over, the merchant takes it up to learn the happenings of the time. It is read in every degree of life from the highest executive of our country to the most insignificant office holder, from the millionaire manufacturer, who employs thousands of laborers, to the vender standing on the street corner selling the produce of the factory, and from the judge to the criminal. Newspapers are found in the cottage as well as the palace; in fact, they are omnipresent. Their influence permeates every home; we see them intruding everywhere, forever attending to our business and the affairs of one's neighbor.

The growth of the newspaper has been stupendous. In 1704 there existed but one paper

in this country, and during its continuance of seventy-two years it never had a greater circulation than 300; but in spite of this poor beginning, the newspaper has continued to thrive and increase till now we have a cheap and independent press with which no earthly power can compete. Indeed it has been found easier to dethrone a king, overthrow a government, or stop the wheels of commerce than retard the progress of a well-regulated newspaper.

Other inventions and discoveries have added to its wonderful development. The steam press, electric telegraph, enormous growth of commerce and industry in the last half of a century, accompanied as they have been by the swift growth of democratic ideas and institutions, social as well as political, have given newspapers a position and responsibility but imperfectly understood.

The press carries on the business of the nation. One would be astonished at the number of periodicals and papers that are annually published in this country, and thrust on the American people to read; it reaches that almost inconceivable figure of 2,000,000,000; and every one of these is read by at least several individuals. It is the proud boast of Americans that they possess more newspapers than all Europe combined. On this account the English have found occasion to sneer at us for the influence that the press exerts in our politics; but they have been well answered by one of our presidents when he said: "I would rather live in a country with newspapers and without a government than in a country without newspapers and with a government." How well the press has aided us in the management of our government is easily seen by comparing the peace and tranquillity we are enjoying with the turbulent riots that are at present occupying the attention of the authorities in Berlin, the dynamite explosions in Paris and the coal famine in England arising from the discontented laborers.

A newspaper always tends to instruct one. It is the only source of information for a great mass of people; for them it must take the place of letters; by it the people are kept informed of all the events that happen in the world—events, both at home and abroad, flashed over the wires of yesterday are chronicled and reflected in the paper of to-day. In this respect we are far in advance of the European press. A good example of the ambition of the American press in supplying its readers with news may have been seen when the Chilian controversy was under discussion.

We are so environed by newspapers that one cannot move without attracting their attention and feeling their influence. They are continually menacing us. The press must not only make and unmake presidents, but must regulate the minutest details of our daily life, and in one grand combination enter into the sphere of a minister, teacher, lawgiver, policeman, judge, jury and executioner. The duty devolves upon it to expose all fraudulent schemes.

There are newspapers devoted more exclusively to one subject than to another; thus the politician peruses the one which upholds his party principles, the business man seeks the commercial journal, while the man of fashion reads the one devoted to society functions. Then again we have the highly immoral and sensational sheets catering to the depraved and vitiated taste of a certain class.

"The government should be for the people, and not the people for the government"; similarly a newspaper should strive to advance the interests of the community. When a paper so far forgets itself that it works entirely for personal gain, or to enrich some corporation at the expense of the people, then it is time to call a halt. A newspaper is a powerful instrument of good or evil; and a shrewd or unprincipled editor can almost drive away and ostricise any one from society. For these reasons a censorship of the press has been advocated; but this could not be brought about without doing an injustice. The liberty of the press would be curtailed, and that "the liberty of the press is the liberty of the people" is easily observed by glancing at the countries where a free press is prohibited. In these countries the people are subject to tyranny and oppression. When the liberties of the press are checked, then the liberties of the people are fettered. The remedy for the evils of the press has been set forth in the following lines:

"Did charity prevail the press would prove  
A vehicle of virtue, truth and love."

Realizing the power of the press to encourage institutions, build railroads, develop the country, protect religion, and that men of the greatest erudition, integrity and honesty are needed to fill the editorial chairs of our newspapers, that decide the political as well as the civil questions of the day, one of our great universities has established a chair of journalism. How well this will succeed, time alone can tell; yet it is the duty of every American to encourage all such projects; for the more learned and pure our press becomes, the nearer to a perfect civilization will we advance.

#### Exchanges.

—In the exchange department of the various college papers one finds criticisms, more or less sane, of almost everything pertaining to the external appearance and literary excellence of sister journals; but there seems to be one point which has escaped the attention of even the most exacting. We refer to the manner in which some of our exchanges are folded. However anxious one may be to scan the pages of every paper received—and an ex-ed. is certainly under a kind of obligation to do so—he cannot but feel impatient, when he sees a twenty-page journal rolled into a cylinder whose diameter often does not exceed one-half of an inch. Of course, the editors, whose attention is all given to details affecting the literary merit of their journals, cannot be expected to bother their heads about so unimportant a matter as folding; but, if they wish the productions of their pens to be read by those not deeply interested in the affairs of their respective colleges, we counsel them to instruct their business managers not to neglect this point. When an exchange-editor is obliged to use his pen-knife with the greatest care in order to rescue an exchange from a too tight-fitting wrapper, unless he expects to be richly repaid for his trouble by finding something of more than ordinary excellence, he will, in nine cases out of ten, throw the paper aside unopened. Conspicuous examples of exchanges folded too tightly are *The Purdue Exponent*, *The Elite Journal*, *The College Review*, *The Portfolio* and *The Northwestern*. Aside from the trouble of taking off the wrapper, it is next to impossible to read these papers when they have been opened. One must first iron them at the expense of no little time, patience and profanity.

—*The Alma Mater*, published by the seminarians and collegians of St. Meinrad, fully satisfies one's expectations. From students of Philosophy and Theology, we look for something indicative of their pursuits, and in this respect *The Alma Mater* does not disappoint us. "God in Astronomy" and "There Are no Veritable Atheists," are well-written, instructive essays. The objection may be made that these subjects are a trifle heavy for a college paper; but when we consider that college papers are read principally by the students and *alumni* of the colleges which they represent, we cannot but commend *The Alma Mater* for its choice of literary matter. *The Alma Mater* has our best wishes for its continued success.

—*The Portfolio*, whenever we have patience to open it and put it in shape for reading, always proves interesting. We hope that *The Portfolio* will not take offence because we do not see fit to give it unconditional praise. Our criticism is offered in a kindly spirit, and it is our desire that it should be so taken. The prose articles in *The Portfolio* which we have before us—that of March, 1892—are very meritorious; but, after having been entertained by an excellent essay on "Reading," it is certainly not provocative of admiration to have one's attention called to the fact that "millinery and mantles, second to none, are sold at McIlwraith and Tregenza's"; nor, after having read the touching story of Enoch Arden, can one go into raptures over the information that "McIlwraith and Tregenza are noted for stylish dress goods." There may be money in this kind of advertising, but its good taste is questionable.

—*The College Review*, Shurtleff College, Ill., is a neat little journal. It proved worth our while to have rescued it from the oblivion to which a tight-fitting wrapper would have consigned it, if our curiosity had not been greater than our impatience. "Consolation," a poem in blank verse, is superior to the poetry (?) which is generally found in college papers. We have occasionally referred to the empty rhymes which occupy so much space in our exchanges, and have expressed the opinion that editors should reject them unconditionally and with contempt. The trouble with young verse-writers seems to be that they are too much impressed with an idea of their own genius—they imagine that they can turn out, at great speed and without special inspiration, poetry which will startle the world. It does, indeed, startle those who go to the trouble of reading it; but their surprise is caused, not by the discovery of anything soul-stirring in the verses, but by the conviction that many managers of college papers are woefully deficient in literary acumen, and that many students, whose opportunities to acquire sound mental training are unexceptionable, have neither the good sense to stick to prose, nor the good taste to consign their poetical effusions to the waste-basket.

—Among the papers published by young ladies, the *Salve Regina* has no superiors. Every article is gracefully written, and shows, not only careful literary training, but also the thoughtful study which is so necessary to produce anything readable. Even the best of our college papers might learn a useful lesson from the *Salve Regina*. In its pages one finds variety; in some

of our college papers there is neither variety nor anything else worthy of mention. A glance at the contents of the *Salve Regina* is sufficient to convince the reader that its young editors know how to conduct a journal, and are striving to make theirs one of the best in the country. Poetry—very good poetry, too,—prose essays and fiction are offered to the readers of the April number. Such subjects as the "Philosophy of Style," "Echoes from Many Lands," "Nathaniel Hawthorne," "Truant Thoughts Aroused by Letters of Charles Dickens," "Handel," etc., show that the young ladies of the *Salve Regina* are not averse to solid studies, and do some independent thinking for themselves and others.

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#### Local Items.

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- Look out for dark horses on Field Day!
- The usual spring evening walks have begun.
- We are to have boat-races! Thank goodness!
- Cricket has taken a strong hold on Brownson Hall.
- The lakes are full to overflowing from the recent rains.
- Brownson Hall will have three crews. Good for the Brownsons!
- St. Joseph's River is at the highest stage of water known for years.
- They say that the St. Joe has the beautiful yellow color of the Ohio just now.
- What is the matter with the stamp collectors? We have not heard from them for a couple of weeks.
- The Sorin Hall base-ball diamond is getting in fine condition. The "Luminaries" expect to have good games there.
- "To walk or not to walk," this is the question which engages the attention of the debaters among the Carrolls at present.
- The Carrolls' second nine have organized permanently for the season. E. Ball captains the "Reds," R. Kinneavy the "Blues."
- Welcome visitors to Notre Dame during the week were Mr. and Mrs. Monarch and daughter and Miss A. O'Bryan, of Owensboro, Ky.
- Captain Ball's men, the "Reds" of Carroll Hall, won a game from the "Blues." Score: 10 to 15. Marr made a four-strike when the bases were full.
- The boat club is again in a flourishing condition. It has quite a large membership, mostly composed of Brownsons, and a promise is given of good races this year.
- Three little Carrolls strayed from the yard the other day in search of mushrooms (?). On their return they beheld one of a strange variety

and *lure* which they did not figure on when they started for the old orchard.

—The Carrolls do not seem to have room enough on their campus when it comes to playing ball, although they have five diamonds. We are glad to be able to state that plans are being formulated which will give them more elbow room next season.

—The regular spring meeting of the Brownson Hall Tennis Club was held April 30. Officers were elected as follows: Director, Rev. M. J. Regan; President, F. McKee; Treasurer, E. McGonigle; Secretary, R. Hawthorne. Nine new members were received.

—Captain Rend won another game from the "Blues." Score: 15 to 13. Wellington was in the box and, until the ninth inning, held the "Blues" down to *two* runs. Why he allowed eleven to cross the home plate at the finish we suppose will remain a mystery.

—*The Sunday Sun*, of New York, devotes more than half a page to a review of "Some Lies and Errors of History," by the Rev. Dr. Parsons, a book lately published at Notre Dame. This important work is a collection of historical essays which have appeared in the *Ave Maria* during the last few years.

—Mrs. S. H. Chute and Miss Agnes Chute, of Minneapolis, Minn., who have been on an extended tour through the southern and eastern states, called to see Messrs. Louis P. and Fred B. Chute. Mrs. and Miss Chute are very welcome visitors, and we hope they will have much pleasure in their incidental visit to the University.

—In the "Pickwicks" Capt. Scholer defeated Capt. Slevin's men. Score: 13 to 15. Bauer, on account of a sore foot, could not run, so he had Hargrave run for him. Bauer struck out, and catcher Brown touched him with the ball and did not know what the crowd was laughing at until Hargrave was on first base. Query: was Hargrave entitled to the base?

—The busiest place at Notre Dame these days is, we venture to assert, the tailoring establishment. We stepped in there the other morning and found the parlors crowded with Brownson Hall dudes, the majority of whom seemed to be "plunging" on spring pants. The proprietor was head and heels in work, and so was in a merry mood. Some really fine work is being turned out by our home establishment, and we are glad to notice that it is being appreciatively patronized.

—Last Christmas, when the students of Notre Dame were about to hurry homewards, many of them had chosen the Grand Trunk railroad as their means of transit. But in the afternoon it was discovered that, owing to an unusual accident, the train was late. The Grand Trunk has become very popular since Mr. George W. Watson took charge at this end of the line. The students said little; but Mr. Watson, knowing what a few hours' lateness meant for them,

promptly refunded their money. This kindness and consideration will not soon be forgotten.

—The Rev. James Coleman, C. S. C., at one time connected with the Faculty of the University, and for the past two years assistant Rector of St. Bernard's Church, Watertown, Wis., is meeting with the success due to his zeal and devotedness in the sacred ministry. On Sunday of last week the members of St. Bernard's Cecilian Society presented him with an elegant silver watch, as a token of its esteem, and in recognition of the great interest he has always taken in the society's welfare. The same day St. Bernard's C. T. A. cadets, of which society Father Coleman is director, presented him with a beautiful smoking set.

—Some of the leading papers of Great Britain and Ireland have republished from the SCHOLASTIC Mr. Hugh O'Neill's production, entitled "Home Rule for Ireland," which appeared in the SCHOLASTIC March 19, 1892. It has also been favorably noticed by several American papers. Mr. O'Neill's speech on the "Silver Question," which appeared in the same issue, has been eulogised in many places in the United States. Free Silver men have praised it for its logic and sentiments. First among these is Mr. J. D. O'Leary, of Franklin Bank, Louisville, Ky. Many anti-silver men have admired it for its spirited and happy style.

—THE MOOT-COURT.—In the University Moot-Court the case of the State *vs.* Scudder is still on trial. It is the most interesting and important case tried in the Moot-Court for a long time. The case on the part of the prosecution is conducted by State's Attorney O'Neill, assisted by Attorney Ragan. The defense is conducted by Attorney Chute, assisted by Attorney Raney. The most important and interesting part of the proceedings was the examination and cross-examination of the doctors in the case. State's Attorney O'Neill on his cross-examination sounded the doctors on their knowledge of therapeutics, anatomy, pathology, hygiene and pharmacy. The attorneys for the defense stood by their witnesses like old practitioners. The last witness called in the case is Dr. Noble (Mr. Schaack). The examination in chief is closed. The cross-examination will be taken up in the next sitting of the court on Saturday evening. Mr. Schaack is a student of medicine, and is called an expert, so that the attorneys for the prosecution and he may make it still more exciting than the last sitting of the court.

—On Sunday afternoon the Sorin Hall "Luminaries" played and won their first game. Their opponents were the famous "Invincibles" of Carroll Hall, and the grounds were the new base-ball park in the rear of Sorin Hall. That this diamond is destined to become famous is a self-evident fact; it has an attractive position, and the accommodations afforded for visitors are certainly most enticing. Sunday's game should go on record. The battery for the "Invincibles," Sullivan and Rebholz, did remarkably good



work—in fact, the whole nine played a very strong game; but the “Luminaries” were in “for blood,” and they got it. With Cartier in the box and “Old Set” behind the plate, the outfield had comparatively little to do. “Fatty” was right at home on first, and did all he could for his country. The “Invincibles” did not catch anybody “napping” this time, and seem anxious to try again. Another game may be organized with them in the near future, and all are cordially invited to attend. The following is the score:

SORIN HALL.						R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Cartier, p.....	3	1	5	3	1					
O'Brien, s. s.....	2	1	3	4	0					
Quinlan, 2d b.....	1	1	2	2	1					
Murphy, 3d b.....	1	1	5	1	0					
Schaack, r. f.....	1	0	0	0	0					
McGrath, c.....	0	1	5	3	0					
Howard, c. f.....	0	0	0	0	0					
Carroll, 1st b.....	0	0	7	2	1					
Monarch, l. f.....	0	0	0	1	1					
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>16</b>	<b>4</b>					
“INVINCIBLES.”						R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sullivan, p.....	2	1	3	4	1					
Santer, 1st b.....	1	0	8	2	1					
Kelly, 2d b.....	1	0	3	2	0					
Sweet, 3d b.....	1	1	2	3	1					
Vorhang, l. f.....	0	0	0	0	0					
Coffman, c. f.....	0	0	0	0	0					
Rebholtz, c.....	1	0	6	2	2					
La Belle, s. s.....	0	0	4	2	1					
Ryan, r. f.....	0	0	1	0	0					
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>6</b>					

SCORE BY INNINGS:—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

SORIN HALL:—2 0 1 0 0 2 2 0 1=8

“INVINCIBLES”:—2 1 0 0 0 2 1 0 0=6

—BASE-BALL:—The nines of Sorin and Brownson Halls met on the diamond during the past week to battle for the championship of the University. The Sorinites placed but seven men in the field, while the Brownsons played a full team. The hard batting of the former and their superb base running gave them a lead in the early part of the game, which they maintained to the end, easily distancing their opponents to the tune of 15 to 4. The features of the game were a catch by Whitehead, and the all-around playing of the Sorinites. The following is the score:

SORIN HALL.											A.B.	R.	I.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S.B.
Gillon, p.....	7	3	3	0	2	12	0	4										
Fitzgibbon, f.....	7	2	2	0	0	1	0	1										
Combe, c.....	6	2	2	0	11	2	0	3										
Hannin, s. s.....	7	3	3	1	4	1	0	3										
Cartier, 2d b.....	5	4	3	0	3	0	0	4										
Murphy, 3d b.....	7	1	2	1	2	1	0	0										
Carroll, 1st b.....	5	0	0	0	5	0	0	0										
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>44</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>17</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>15</b>										
BROWNSON HALL.											A.B.	R.	I.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S.B.
Thayne, 2d b.....	4	0	1	1	2	0	2	0										
Chassaing, s. s.....	2	2	2	0	3	2	0	1										
Davis, c.....	4	0	2	0	8	3	0	0										
Flannigan, 1st b.....	3	0	1	0	7	0	1	1										
Funke, r. f.....	4	0	1	0	2	0	0	0										
Burns, 3d b.....	3	0	0	0	2	1	0	0										
McCarrick, c. f. and p.....	4	0	1	0	1	3	0	0										
Whitehead, l. f.....	4	1	1	0	1	0	0	0										
McDermott, p. and 3d b....	3	1	0	0	1	9	1	1										
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>31</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>3</b>										

2 Base Hits: Davis, Flannigan, Whitehead, Gillon, Fitzgibbon. 3 Base Hits: Cartier. Double Plays: Burns, Thayne, Hannin to Carroll. Bases on Balls: off Gillon, 6; off McDermott, 3; off McCarrick, 1. Passed Balls: Davis, 6. Hit by Pitched Ball: Gillon, Combe and Carroll. Struck out: by Gillon, 9; by McDermott, 6; by McCarrick, 2. Umpires: T. Coady and P. Coady.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bachrach, Brady, Combe, Carney, Cartier, L. Chute, F. Chute, Coady, Carroll, Dechant, Dacey, Fitzgerald, Flannery, Hannin, Howard, Langan, Lancaster, P. Murphy, Monarch, Maurus, McAuliff, McGrath, Neef, O'Brien, Quinlan, Rothert, E. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, F. Vurpillat, V. Vurpillat.

#### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Arts, Ansberry, Burns, J. Brady, Baldwin, E. W. Brown, T. Brady, Corcoran, Corry, Crawley, Cassidy, Correll, Chilcote, Caffrey, Castenado, Conroy, Coady, Colby, Cullen, Delaney, Dinkel, Devanny, Dumford, Egan, Flynn, Frizzelle, Heneghan, Healy, R. Harris, Hesse, Henly, Houlihan, Heer, Hagan, Hoepe, Hennessy, Hermann, Jacobs, Kenny, Krost, Klee-kamp, Kearney, W. M. Kennedy, Karasynski, Kintzele, Kearns, Kunert, F. Keough, Libert, Maisen, McFadden, Mooney, \* Monarch, D. Murphy, F. Murphy, McCarrick, McCullough, Murray, Maynes, O'Shea, O'Connor, Pulkamp, Powers, D. Phillips, T. Phillips, Patier, Quinlan, J. Ryan, G. Ryan, Ragan, Raney, Sherman, Schillo, Stanton, Schopp, Stace, Thayne, Thome, Vinez, Welsh, Weaver, Wilkin, Zeitler.

#### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Ashford, Bauer, Bixby, Barbour, Baldauf, Ball, J. Brown, Byrnes, Brennan, Bearss, Bates, Casey, Curran, Cullen, Carpenter, Corcoran, Cheney, Cochrane, Dix, DeLormier, Delaney, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Edwards, Fleming, Finnerty, A. Funke, Fitzgerald, Feehan, Falk, Ford, Grote, L. Gibson, Gilbert, Griffin, Gillam, Garfias, Garst, Gerner, Gerdes, Hill, Hagan, Hilger, Hoban, Hargrave, Hagus, Hittson, Harrington, Janssen, Kreicker, W. Kegler, A. Kegler, Kerker, Lee, Luther, Lawlor, Lane, Mills, Martin, Mitchell, J. Miller, Meyers, Marre, Marr, Miles, Moss, Major, McDowell, McCarthy, MacLeod, Medalie, W. Nichols, H. Nichols, O'Connor, F. O'Brien, O'Rourke, W. O'Neill, Oliver, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Ratterman, Renesch, Rumely, H. Reedy, Rend, C. Reedy, Ryan, Sullivan, Stern, Strauss, Sparks, Sedwick, Shimp, Scholer, Stone, Sweet, Slevin, Sheuerman, Smith, Thornton, Thome, O. Tong, Teeter, Thorn, Todd, Tobin, J. Tong, Vorhang, Walker, Weaver, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Wellington, Wells, Wagner, Wensinger, S. Warner, Yeager, Yingst.

#### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ahern, Ayers, R. Brown, Burns, Blumenthal, V. Berthelet, R. Berthelet, Ball, Bopp, Corry, Christ, Curtin, Chapoton, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Crandall, Croke, Cross, B. Durand, H. Durand, DuBrul, Dugas, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, F. Emerson, W. Emerson, Egan, Everest, Elliott, Finnerty, Fossick, J. Freeman, N. Freeman, E. Furthmann, C. Furthmann, C. Girsch, Gregg, Gavin, Gilbert, Graf, Hoffman, Howard, Hilger, Healy, Hathaway, Roy Higgins, Ralph Higgins, Hartman, Jonquet, Jones, Kinney, Krollman, Kern, G. Keeler, S. Keeler, Kuehl, E. LaMoure, Londoner, Lawton, Lysle, Langley, Langevin, Lowrey, McPhee, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, McGinley, McAlister, McGushin, Maternes, Morrison, R. Morris, F. Morris, Nichols, Ninneman, O'Neill, Oatman, O'Brien, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Pieser, Pratt, Platts, Pursell, Peck, Ransome, Repscher, Rose, W. Scherrer, G. Scherrer, Swan, Stuckhart, L. Trankle, F. Trankle, P. Trujillo, White, Wilcox, Westover.

\* Omitted the last two weeks by mistake.

## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—The Right Rev. Mgr. B. Pâquet, of Quebec, accompanied by the Rev. President of the University, honored St. Mary's with a visit on Thursday last.

—A beautiful crown, a votive offering, adorns the statue of the Blessed Virgin, and is a fitting type of the coronet of praise and prayer woven for Our Queen by loving hearts in this Mary's own month.

—Rev. P. O'Reilly, Danville, Ill.; Rev. J. Burns, Ivesdale, Ill.; Rev. E. Kelly, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Mrs. W. P. Rend, Chicago; Mrs. R. C. Newton, Class '89, Pittsburg; Miss R. Van Mourick, '91, Detroit; Mrs. P. H. Hoeltzet, and Miss A. B. Wagner, were among the late visitors at St. Mary's.

—Miss C. Kaspar read a very pretty German selection at the "points" on Sunday last, and Miss L. Farwell, whose elocutionary powers are well known at St. Mary's, recited "The Martyrdom of St. Agnes," eliciting commendation from Very Rev. Father Corby, who presided the meeting.

—When Remenyi visited St. Mary's Miss G. Bogart was accorded an honor not given to many young ladies—that of playing before the great master of the violin. He spoke most encouragingly of her gift, and summed up all advice in the oft-repeated and emphatic word "work, work, work."

—On the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph Rev. Father French, C. S. C., delivered an eloquent sermon, taking for his theme the Patron of the Universal Church. He spoke of the virtues and power of St. Joseph, and exhorted all who need assistance to go with confidence to the Foster-father of our Lord and the Spouse of the Blessed Virgin.

—An appreciative audience assembled in St. Angela's Hall at 10 a. m., May 5, to hear a lecture by the Hon. W. J. Onahan, who was graciously introduced by Dr. M. F. Egan. The temerity characteristic of denizens of the World's Fair city was urged by Mr. Onahan as his only excuse for appearing in the rôle of lecturer at St. Mary's; but the attention with which his words were received, and the applause which followed the lecture, spoke both welcome and pleasure most eloquently. After a graceful tribute to the merits of Mother Angela, and those who are striving to carry on the work so dear to her, Mr. Onahan spoke of the varying fortunes of Margaret of Anjou and Isabella of Spain, holding the interest of all for nearly two hours. The life of the beautiful and ill-fated Mary Stuart was to have been sketched, but time would not

allow, so the pleasure of another lecture is yet in store for St. Mary's pupils.

—May is a month especially dear to the Children of Mary, who gather around our Blessed Mother's shrine in the morning to give to her the first hour of the day, as they offer their sweet hymns to her from faithful young hearts. Then as evening draws near, again do they seek her altar to place at Mary's feet their little successes and failures, and to consecrate themselves to her anew. The Society at St. Mary's now numbers over fifty, and on Friday last twelve young ladies were received into full membership and five to the ranks of aspirants. Those who were invested with the medal and badge were Misses Charles, Clifford, Wurzburg, O'Sullivan, McCormick, Bassett, K. Barry, Kirley, Griffith, Duffy, Augustine and Hellman. Six new members were received into the Holy Angels' Sodality, which is composed of Juniors and Minims. They were the Misses Boyle, Girsch, Ford, Wheeler, Egan and Baxter. The ceremonies, conducted by the chaplain, Rev. Father Scherer, were beautiful and impressive.

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### "Gratitude, the Memory of the Heart."

BY KATHERINE M. MORSE.

At an institute for deaf-mutes in France, a teacher was endeavoring one day to explain to the pupils by means of signs the meaning of the various emotions of the human heart. At the end of the explanation he required each one to write upon his tablet a fitting definition for the word "gratitude." Each tried to express his own interpretation of the term; and the master upon going the rounds came at last to a little boy who was doubly afflicted, being both blind and a mute. Upon his tablet were feebly scrawled the words, "Gratitude is the Memory of the Heart." Ah! exclaimed the astonished master, "none could express this lofty sentiment but a heart that had long known affliction." Thus, though the body of that afflicted child was smitten by the hand of the All-Wise, within there beat a heart illuminated by the radiant light of gratitude, which, though it shone not through the eyes, nor was expressed through those silent lips, still burned clear and steady, and gleamed forth in all its lustre through those few words so replete with noble sentiment. The memory of the heart is not in itself a single virtue; for as some of the strongest of metals are not in themselves elementary substances, but compounds of other metals, and are thus rendered more durable than the elements un-

combined; so with gratitude: like the strong and sonorous bronze, it does not consist in a single virtue, but unites in itself a grand combination of different elements. Susceptibility enters into this composite quality; for a truly grateful heart always implies one of those refined and sensitive natures every fibre of which is keenly alive to the smallest act of kindness which might pass by others unnoticed.

The bright gold of appreciation also forms a part of this choice alloy; for only a truly grateful heart can fully comprehend the worth of little acts of generosity which so often are attended with no small amount of personal sacrifice. The appreciative nature always considers the loving wishes and affection that are a part of the gift, and values them far higher than the mere pecuniary worth of the article itself. All of these details, small though they may appear, accompany a token given from the heart, just as the refreshing dew, the sweet-scented breeze of early morning, and the numberless glowing tints of the Eastern sky accompany a summer sunrise.

Gratitude implies generosity also; for none can more fully appreciate the worth of kindness than the ones who display this blessed virtue toward others. These then are a few of the qualities which constitute the beautiful trait of gratitude. It is indeed the memory of the heart; for what true heart can ever forget a kindness? Sometimes it may seem to us as if our charity is lost; but never is this really the case and though it may take time, the good seed we have sown will surely produce its fruit. As when we pityingly pour water upon a neglected plant, the parched earth greedily drinks it in, and soon is as dry as before, and we, seeing no change in its aspect, may think that our trouble was taken for naught. But no: the water extends down to the roots of that famished plant, and, being absorbed by them, penetrates to its inmost fibres, giving refreshment and instilling new life throughout its entire system, and soon, to show the beneficial effects, a tiny bud unfolds, and in time the lovely blossom rejoices all by its beauty and fragrance. Thus, at last, our pains are fully repaid. Pure hearts are the richest soil in which the fair flower of gratitude can flourish, though true it is that even the most corrupt natures are moved at times by this generous sentiment; but soon the delicate flower is choked by the vile weeds of selfishness, ambition, deceit and suspicion, which are sure to grow up and hedge in the blossom.

What greater misfortune can befall a fond parent than to behold ingratitude in his child!

What sorrow to see his fondest hopes frustrated by an unappreciative nature, who heeds not the bright expectations of a father or mother, but rushes recklessly on his own selfish course, regardless of the pain he gives the sorrowing parents!

History furnishes us with many sad examples of ingratitude, and among the most touching is the fate of the heroic Joan of Arc. After her inestimable services to France, her almost superhuman efforts, and wonderful success in saving that realm from utter dissolution, after its disastrous wars of one hundred years, the only return tendered her by the pleasure-loving Charles VII. was her funeral pile in the market place at Rouen.

Father Faber says that just as charity to our neighbor is the best test of our real love of God, so gratitude to our neighbor is the clearest proof of a grateful disposition. Let us, then, first of all lift up our hearts in fervent gratitude to the great "Giver of every good and perfect gift"; and as at the close of a sultry summer day, when the parched earth is refreshed by the cooling shower all nature sings in gratitude, so from all our hearts may the song of thankfulness ever arise—the rare voice of gratitude which tells of "the memory of the heart."

### Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment and observance of rules.]

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Augustine, Agney, Bassett, R. Bero, E. Burns, Bell, Brady, A. Butler, K. Barry, M. Barry, Black, Byers, Bogart, Bartholomew, Charles, A. Cooper, M. Clifford, Crilly, Carpenter, L. Clifford, E. Dempsey, Duffy, Dieffenbacher, E. Dennison, Dingee, M. Dennison, Fitzpatrick, Field, Griffith, Green, Galvin, Grace, Gage, Gibbons, Haitz, Hellmann, Holmes, Hutchinson, Higgins, Hopkins, Hittson, Hunt, Johnston, Jacobs, Klingberg, Kirley, Keating, Kieffer, Kelly, Kauffman, Kingsbaker, Kimmell, Kinney, Lynch, Lewis, Ludwig, Londoner, Lancaster, Lichtenhein, Leppel, La Moure, Lantry, Morse, M. Moynahan, Marrinan, Murison, Morehead, Moore, E. McCormack, D. McDonald, McGuire, A. Moynahan, M. McDonald, McCune, Maxon, Nancy, Nickel, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Plato, M. Patier, Payne, Quinn, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, M. Robinson, Roberts, Rizer, Russert, Reid, M. Smyth, E. Seeley, A. Seeley, Sena, Shaw, Sleeper, Thirids, Tod, Van Mourick, S. Wile, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wurzburg, Wolffe, Welter, Wolverton, E. Wile, Zahm.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Allen, Boyle, Baxter, Berg, Coady, Crandall, Campau, Cowan, B. Davis, Dreyer, Ford, Field, Girsch, Hickey, Kline, Londoner, Morris, Mills, Meskill, O'Mara, Ryder, Scott, Tilden, Tormey, Wolverton, Whittenberger, Williams, Wheeler, White.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, J. Brown, E. Brown, Dysart, M. Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Keeler, Lingard, McKenna, McCarthy, McCormack, Murray, Palmer, Wolverton.